

A medieval-style illustration. On the left, a man with curly brown hair, wearing a brown tunic and a blue skirt, plays a lute. On the right, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress and a white headscarf, looks towards him. The background features a patterned wall with circular motifs containing red flowers.

On Troubadours

From Sarah to James

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

Poem continues on the next pages →

On Troubadours

From Sarah to James

By Katharine McLennan

(Note: my name and branding footer would NOT appear on your poem)

A troubadour he says, a busker of sort
For the coin he sings, for the applause, for the sport
Conjuring stories of this and tales of that
Throwing out jetsam and flotsam, without tiresome format

Of mice and of men, and their best laid plans
He twists the angles, the boxes, the lines in the sands
Reading high, reading low, collecting facts and fiction
Braiding humour with wisdom, in impeccable diction

From Herald to Telegraph, from the Times to the Age
From Robbins to Paul, from the Dullard to the Sage
His tales are woven from everyday fodder
With wit, with passion, with a wink, but with ardour?

A troubadour he says, singing of the love in queens' courts
A priest, a rebel, a kibbutznik he purports
An effigy, a symbol, a man of many masks
Private, self contained, loner, in silence he basks

Thoughts he can halt as he sits in his seaboard
As socialist, not an owner, but the client of a landlord
His Opera House, it gleams, his Bridge it glistens
The sun sets grandly, in laughter she listens

Fictio rethorica musicaque poita
Wrote Dante of the music of the trovatore
Rhetorical, musical and poetical fictions
As troubadour might he find love amidst his benedictions?

Is love an art to be practised or a passion to be felt?
He quotes Woody Allen on love as servicing self
So she wonders of the tales he has spun of love
Does both art and passion fit as devil and dove?

- Courtly love is known as fin' amors
- The worship of ideals in the beloved adored
- From a truly noble nature, the act of love it is told
- Is ennobling and refining, honouring the highest in the soul .
- Trop is to turn, turbare is to distress
- Trouvère is to find, trobar is to finesse
- Tabar is to sing, and may indeed all be a seed
- Of troubadour the word, of trovador the deed
- A troubadour not a joglar, an important divergence
- A joglar sings others' songs, connecting others' works in convergence
- A troubadour sings only his songs, his own writing, his tales
- The words emerge from his dreams, as his notes and his scales
- All of this explains troubadours, all there to make meaning
- Existential nihilism would be waltzing and not intervening
- As it adores this storyteller who knows no truth
- Whose philosophy is blind to age or to youth
- But to age comes wisdom, to age comes sense
- To age may come scepticism, or lightness so dense
- That it explodes the liver and dispatches iron flowing
- So that limbs become fluid and heart is in knowing
- That love can be found anywhere, anytime any place
- That cognitive surplus edifies but more lovely is the pace
- Of the dharma of the natural, the mystery of life
- Who winks with intimations of desire quite rife
- Yes staggering is the flex, the heft and the nuance
- Inspired by heaven, outpours iambic resonance

Constitution of a bull, yes, but what of the heart
And what of the spirit behind mind so smart
She wonders and sighs, as another day sets
No destination in sight, her path still abets

As she knows each step forward, or back or to the side
Is the right one, regardless of her egoic pride
So she trusts in her stride, she believes in her path
She revels in this life, without nihilism or wrath

She knows there are reasons for all that we do .
For all whom we meet, and all that we rue
All that we ponder, all that we run from
All that we rush to and all that we come from

So, lift your glass, and toast the moment.
That's all that there is, no need for torment.
About pasts that can't change, about futures that don't exist
About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.

Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.
Thank God for this music which seems so rife.
It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care,
Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.

God grant us the serenity, God grant us the love
And steer us towards Heaven, which need not exist above.
Show us the way to Heaven here on Earth,
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth.

Love, Sarah

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)